

The Revolution.

1902

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

VOL. VII.—NO. 1.

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WHOLE NO. 157.

The Poet's Corner.

NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angel's eyes:
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
And chanted timidly with doubt and fear
To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear:
It is not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night
Over soiled robes which once were pure and white;
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole:
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth,
The childlike faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet:
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for other's good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin:
These are not lost.

Not lost, oh! Lord, for in thy city bright
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light;
And things long hidden from our gaze below
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
They were not lost.

—*The Argosy.*

SPARROWS.

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And chitter and flutter, and fold their wings;
Maybe they think that for them and their sires
Stretched always on purp' se these wonderful strings;
And perhaps the thought that the world inspires
Did plan for the birds among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And the news of the world runs under their feet—
How value rises, and how declines;
How kings with their armies in battle meet;
And all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,
They chirp their small gossipings foolish-sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives;
Hopes and joys and acts of to-day;
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say;
But from end to end his meaning arrives,
And his word runs underneath all the way.

Is life only wires and lightnings, then,
Apart from that which about it clings?
Are the works and the hopes and the prayers of men
Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph strings,
Holding a moment, then gone again?
Nay, He planned for the birds with the larger things.

Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

—A bachelor having the blues imagined he was sick, and his physician prescribed for him. The druggist translated it, "Seventeen yards of silk with a woman in it." The next day a lady was married, and the man recovered.

—Mrs. Post, a good strong woman's rights advocate out in Wyoming, deserves to have an office, if anybody ever did.

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Our Special Contributors.

REALITIES.

BY P. A. TAYLOR.

I am informed by *Pen and Pencil*, with a certain harsh inexorableness of tone, that something I must produce this evening, or incur a sentence too dreadful to be contemplated, no less than that of ostracism (perhaps ostracism for incapacity should be spelt ass-tracism).

Well, what are the words? *Realities* and *drifting*. Very good; then I'll take both, for the most characteristic element that I have noted of *realities* is that they are constantly *drifting*.

Wishing to start from an undoubted basis, I asked a friend, before sitting down to write, what exactly he understood by *realities*, and he replied, with the air of a philosopher, "whatever man, through the medium of his senses, can surely realize." The conclusion I draw is that there is some inextricable connection between *realities* and *real lies*. In which I am confirmed by Johnson, who traces the derivation of the word *reality* as from real.

Sir John Lubbock, in his "Origin of Civilization," under the heading of "Savage Tendency to Deification," states as a fact that "The king of the Koussa Kaffirs, having broken off a piece of a stranded anchor, died soon afterwards, upon which all the Kaffirs looked upon the anchor as alive, and saluted it respectfully whenever they passed near it." At a glance it occurred to me, this is a *reality* well worthy of being brought under the notice of *Pen and Pencil*. Will it not furnish, thought I, material for their philosophers, and mirth for their humorists, and surely an excellent subject for their artists. *But is it true?* Aye, that must be my first discovery. Who shall hope to palm off doubtful *realities* upon *Pen and Pencil*, without deservedly drifting to disgrace?

Without indecent boasting, I believe I may assure this august assembly that I have probed this matter to its very root; the whole truth is in my hands, and shall be faithfully presented to this critical company. I shall be excused from detailing my method of examination; time would fail us were I to make the attempt; suffice it to say that I have brought all possible modes under contribution, and many more, and that not a single fact has been set down unless previously tested by a wild flight of imagination. Upon principle, too, I decline to say how I have arrived at the realities of the case, lest truth should suffer through disapproval of my process.

If I say that I have telegraphed direct, some wretched caviller may observe that he never heard of Kaffir wires. I may have conversed with the ghost of the wicked king of Koussa

Kaffir through the medium of Mrs. Marshall, but some joker—how I do detest the race—might object to my plan of *marshalling* my facts. I may have "asked that solemn question" of the leg of my loo-table, which does not by any means "seem eternal," something after the fashion of Ion. I may have caught the little toe of Mr. Home, as he was floating in mid-air, and so found my information, as honest debts should be paid, *on the nail*. I may have—but no more—I respectfully decline to communicate, to-night at least, aught but the ascertained *realities*.

It is true then that a stranded anchor was thrown on the shore of Koussa Kaffir; that it created wide-spread wonder and enquiry as to its whence, its wherefore and its whither; that the king, being of an enquiring mind, often examined the anchor, pondered over its shape and its materials; that one day, testing this last with too much energy, one fluke was quite lopped off. His majesty was pleased with the result, although it did not seem to do much towards solving the difficult questions connected with the strange visitor; but it was afterwards generally reported that some of the wisest of the Kaffirs had shaken their heads three times, and had remarked that if anything should happen they should doubt whether it was not for something.

Something did happen. The king that night ate for his supper forty-four ostrich eggs, besides two kangaroos and a missionary. It was too much for even a Kaffir king; he was seized with night-mare, raved of the weight of the anchor on his chest, and died.

The effect produced upon Kaffir public opinion, and the Kaffir press was startling and instantaneous. The king had broken the anchor; the king had died—had died because he broke the anchor; that was evident, nay was proved—proved by unerring figures, as thus: the king was fifty-five years old; had lived, that is to say, 20,075 days; to say, therefore, that he had not died this day because of his daring impiety was more than 20,000 to one against the doctrine of probabilities.

The anchor, therefore, was a power—was a devil to be feared—that is, a god to be worshipped; for in savage countries there is a wonderful likeness between the two. Thus was born a religion in Koussa Kaffir. Divine honors or dastard fears were lavished on the anchor; a priesthood sprang up who made their account in the Kaffir superstition. They were called anchorites. They were partly cheats, and partly dupes; but they made a livelihood between the two characters. They fixed the nature and the amount of the sacrifices to be offered, and the requirements of the anchor were in remarkable harmony with the wants of its priests. Natural causes, too, were happily blended with supernatural. The anchor was declared to be the great healer of diseases. For immense sums the ministering priests would give small filings to the diseased, and marvelous were the cures produced by

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oxides and by iron; never, in short, was there a more prosperous faith. The morals of the people, I grieve to say, did not improve in proportion to the extent of their faith: An anchor that is supposed to remit sins on sacerdotal intercession is probably not favorable to the higher morals in Koussa Kaffir.

But a trial had to come upon the anchor-devil and its worshippers. Under it it must collapse, or passing through it as through the flame of persecution, come forth stronger and brighter than ever. Which should it be? It was an interesting spectacle. Let me finish my story.

There returned to Koussa Kaffir a native who had voyaged round the world since he had left his native land; he had seen and had observed much; he was well acquainted with anchors; had seen them in all stages and under all conditions; he knew their use by long experience; he had handled them. One time his vessel had been saved by its stout anchor; another time he had had to save the ship by slipping his cable and leaving the anchor at the bottom; he had never known an anchor resent the worst usage; he would not worship this old broken one. Some thought him mad, some wicked; he was called infidel by those who knew his mind, but for a long time he followed his friends' advice, and said nothing of his awful heresy.

But this condition of mind could hardly last forever. Travel had improved his intellectual force, as well as given special knowledge about anchors and other things; he began to lament over and even to despise the folly of his race; he burned to cast off some at least of their shackles of ignorance and superstition. "How shall I begin," cried he one day, "to raise their souls to something higher, while they worship that stupid old rusty anchor in the sand?"

His soul began to burn with the spirit of martyrs and reformers. "I will expose this folly; I will break to pieces their anchor-devil, and when they see that all is well as it was before, they will begin to laugh at their own devil, and will have their minds open to a higher faith."

But first he would consult his friends; if possible obtain their sanction, and act in union with others. He met with no encouragement. One gravely rebuked him for his presumption and conceit, and produced a long list of eminent Kaffirs who had bowed before the anchor. Another found in the absurdity of the anchor faith its best evidence of solidity. It was, he said, a faith too improbable for a Kaffir to have invented; any fool, he added, could believe a probable religion, but it needed a superior Kaffir to swallow this. Some put their tongues in their cheeks (a vulgar habit amongst the Koussa Kaffirs), and said: "Silly fellow, we know all that as well as you do, but the anchor is a profitable anchor, and as needs must, you shall be one amongst the priests."

Again, others said: "We, too, have our doubts, but as a political engine we must retain our anchor. How should we keep the lower orders? How restrain our servants from pilfering without its influence and sanctifying power. The fact is, that in our complicated social system all society depends upon the anchor." "Between ourselves," one added, "if heaven had not sent that particular anchor some of us think we must have sent to Woolwich for another."

But the only arguments that caused him any hesitation, and which did give him some pain, were from certain women who implored him not to destroy their anchor idol. "We cannot judge," said one of these, "between your arguments and the conclusions we have been brought up to reverence. The anchor may not be a god but only a symbol, but how beautiful a one! Does not the anchor save the ship? And are not our own lives, too, like the storm-tossed vessel? That anchor is associated with all we have felt, suffered, prayed for. Destroy that symbol, and you wound and endanger the deepest elements of religion in our hearts."

Finally, one very intelligent friend said to him with much solemnity: "Rash man, forbear! Stop while there is time in a course that may bring down ruin on the state and on yourself, and for the doing of which you can have, as a rational being, no temptation whatever. I grant you, you may be right, and the rest all wrong; but what then? We can know nothing of the matter, and *you may be wrong*. Now, anyhow, *we are on the safe side of the hedge*. If the anchor be a devil he may do you harm, and if he be only a bit of rusty iron you will be none the worse for a bow and a grimace."

The rash man was immovable. Doomed by the infernal god to pay the penalty of having lit his Promethean torch at Woolwich dockyard, armed with a mighty hammer, and followed by an awe-struck crowd, he fell upon the anchor, and with one mighty blow struck off the other fluke. It was his last! Inspired by religious zeal, the Koussa Kaffirs rushed upon him, and in the sight of the outraged anchor beat his brains out on the beach. It was observed that his friend who liked to be "on the safe side" threw the first stone, and the advocate of public morals was the next; after that they rained too thick to tell who did the most.

Meantime the anchor of Koussa Kaffir will be worshipped for a thousand years, for has it not slain the only two men who dared to question its authority?

LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.

DECEMBER 9.—A few days ago at the dinner-table we discussed the woman question. One young gentleman, a broker in Wall street, after apparently exhausting his resources in arguments against all manner of strong-mindedness in woman, concentrated all his opposition in this one demolishing statement. Twirling a beautiful moustache, while he fixed his complacent, half-pitying eyes upon me, he said with solemn deliberation, head a little on one side, hair parted in the middle—I shall not soon forget his imposing aspect—he said: "Do you know, Mrs. Screecher, do you know—we—we—we don't like these strong-minded—these strong-minded women?"

"Don't like us!" I said to myself, appalled;

"they don't like us! Merciful Heavens! let us run; let us hide! Do somebody stop us,

won't you, from being strong-minded?"

What do we care for the ballot, for equal rights in property, for the right to study and practice professions, for the supreme right to live nobly and to aspire freely—if they "don't like" us? They "don't like us!" I ruminated sadly, and looked again on this privileged manhood, and pondered on the imposing character of its likes and dislikes, and finally

shrunk away into my "subject nature," shaking my head and repeating in a feeble, distracted manner: "Don't like these strong-minded women!" Yes, he said it.

DECEMBER 12.—To-day a gentleman told us that in an idle hour in the Broker's Board the question arose: What is the meaning of *Ecce Homo*? Out of eight stock-brokers (Fisks and such) only one could tell! I wondered if among eight women in the office of *THE REVOLUTION or Women's Journal* only one could tell the meaning of *Ecce Homo*?

DECEMBER 15.—Gail Hamilton in the *Independent* is rapping women on the knuckles and boxing their ears because they don't do their work better and keep their engagements; and she implies that men get better pay because they do better work. I should take the reproof more kindly if I had not just been reading of people being killed this very day by the falling of the unfinished walls of a large warehouse; and bad as it is, this is not an uncommon occurrence. Was this work woman's?

I lose my temper every day trying to use miserable needles—the best that can be had, however; and as for pins, they are a snare and a delusion. Who makes our pins and needles? Fabrics warranted to be woolen turn out to be half cotton; silks are "leaded and gummed," and drop to pieces in the making. Is it the integrity of good work that gets the large pay known to accrue to the manufacturer? or is there one law for men and another for women in work as well as in social morals? I believe in good work for good wages; but I don't begin with the woman who gets a dollar a day for poor washing, while her husband gets two dollars a day for his bad switch-tending. I do not preach to the needle-woman who botches for half the pay the salesman gets who cheats; neither do I despair of woman because she sets types carelessly for a tithe of what the unscrupulous editor gets for the sale of his conscience and his honor. When we look at the subject candidly, do we not find under the same conditions women have the same motives, the same sagacity as to means and ends that men have?

Do not prudential as well as moral motives make them as faithful, as patient and as aspiring when they really undertake to work as men work for a living, for a position, or for the love of art or science or literature? Fanny Kemble, Ristori, Charlotte Cushman, were they not as faithful, as earnest, as successful as Macready, Booth or Fechter? Had they "no idea of promises and engagements, no fidelity, no honor?" Jenny Lind, Nilsson, Parepa Rosa, where are the names of contemporary men that outshine in the same art these illustrious women? In science, Mary Somerville, Maria Mitchell, Frances Power Cobbe show that women can labor as patiently for the love of knowledge as men labor, are not more vain or more easily satisfied with inferior attainment. Women doctors, women preachers, women teachers, women writers! I look at their numbers and their successes with surprise. Have the cavillers counted them? Do they know that while they are reiterating the old slanders about women; sometimes about their mental inferiority; sometimes their moral obliquity; sometimes, if they can't think of anything else, about their not "being thorough" or "not keeping engagements," and about their fatuous way of forgetting the relations between work and

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pay—do they know while they are accusing and trying to discipline this traditional creation of ignorance and passion, the real live woman of to-day is creating and using an influence that is renovating the world? This is not the time to pat or pet or snub women; they are out of their swaddling clothes; not that they have gained their true status in law and custom, but because they have begun to think. They think, they talk, they work, and know perfectly well that the same laws that govern men in business govern them. I do not object to exhortations to good work; but I do object to that common cant, that false assumption that men get better pay than women because they have a higher integrity in business, or a clearer idea of values or even more common prudence.

So long as I live under the city government of New York, and know the pay of its officials; so long as I read the daily casualties of the papers, caused by the culpability of railroad managers; so long as the poisoned poison of liquor stores and the cheats and shams of man's present "sphere" confront me at every turn, I object to this unjust arraignment of woman as inferior to man in her perceptions of the laws of business.

This charge has the same origin as all the long list of charges from Adam down to Fulton, "The woman, she gave," etc., etc. The woman, she can and she can't, she did and she didn't, she is and she isn't; there is nothing so inviting to arrogance and conceit; nothing so convenient as a scape-goat; nothing so provokative of a desire to tyrannize; nothing so inexhaustible in supplies to pompous egotism as woman.

A LADY OCULIST—MRS. BELLA C. BARROWS.

The year just closed has seen the return from Europe, where she studied in the hospitals, of a noble woman, Mrs. Bella C. Barrows, who has heroically struck out a new path for her sex by patient effort, in thoroughly fitting herself for the profession of an oculist. She writes, in a familiar letter to a friend, "My one success in Vienna was with the knife. Nothing gives me the pleasure of my successful operations on human eyes. Do you wonder when even one of the professors said, after the first one made, with the left-hand, too, 'You have to-day won your Ritter-spoon.'"

Mrs. Barrows' success must, if widely known, offer great encouragement to other women who are seeking to perfect themselves in professions requiring the greatest amount of patient study and technical skill. It also illustrates the advantages which women must reap from devoting themselves to scientific specialties instead of aiming to become general practitioners.

I take pleasure in laying before the readers of THE REVOLUTION a few extracts from the pleasant, chatty, private letter, before referred to, in which Mrs. Barrows relates some of her experiences; for though not designed for publication, it will give a more vivid idea of her life discipline than can be obtained from a more formal sketch:

"My one great pride," she says, "is that my father died for his adopted country; that he gave a great, noble soul and rare intellect, and cunning hand for our soldiers. I cannot say that I am very proud of my birth-place, for I know nothing of it, except that they say it is

a pretty, thriving New England village, and that I don't to this day know whether they spell it Irisburg, or Irasburg, Vt. Whether I am thankful that, on the 17th of April, 1845, my parents joyed over a child, only mourning that it was not a boy, I have never decided. Within a year, three little boys had fallen asleep, and my mother's desolate heart had vowed a vow that I should be the Lord's, if my life were spared. The thought of living for others ruled me, I suppose, as a school-girl. I never learned a lesson without being aided by that inspiration. I have often laid my head down on my Virgil or Algebra in despair, for a few moments, ready to go for help to my teacher, when the thought, 'conquer by yourself, it will fit you for your life-work,' has urged me on to hard work, till the 'wee sma' hours ayant the twal."

I had no older brother, and I am rather glad to know that more than once in my life I have, in the dead of night, harnessed the horse while papa was dressing, that he might the sooner be with some suffering one; and that my hands have filled the pail with fresh warm milk, and churned the butter, and kept the accounts, and mixed the medicines; because I now appreciate that everything learned was helping me on; that none of this discipline was in vain.

For four years I was in a ladies' seminary, where I paid all my English tuition by ringing the bell and sweeping the floors. One year of my school-life I was in an Academy of boys and girls, where I received my tuition for all branches because I chanced to be one of the three highest among the one hundred. When seventeen I graduated, and you must ask Miss Emma L. Taylor, of Derry, N. H., how, if you wish to know. Then came my mother's eight months illness, when I had the care of her night and day, while at the same time preparing to go to India. A year after school-life I became the wife of one of God's noblest men. Short, but *passing sweet*, was my married life. Ten months of hard study together of the Maharratha tongue; ten months of sweet home-life, one thousand miles from childhood's home, and we parted—he to pass onward; I to stand still. Six months longer I remained teaching the Hindoo girls, when from climate and sorrow, my health failing, I returned to my own land *via* Egypt and England, having a wonderful experience of three weeks in Arabia. I immediately began my medical studies, though in India I had before tried to read "Theory and Practice," an hour a day, as I had so many native patients. The first six months, I spent in a water-cure to watch its workings, covering all my expenses by caring for the sick. Then I went to New York and spent a winter attending lectures. The following summer, that of 1867, Henry Ward Beecher pronounced S. June Barrows and me 'one.' But marriage did not mean *slavery* with me. The same year, we moved to Washington, where Mr. Barrows was private secretary to Wm. H. Seward. The only marked events in that year was a lecturing tour in Virginia and New England, when I spoke on India and her customs. Ah, yes! there was the great event of my husband's sickness, when in addition to home cares, I did all his work with Mr. Seward, busy at the State Department seven hours a day for six weeks, during which time there were two days I knew not whether I would find my husband dead or living when I should go home at night! Mr. Dimon, of the State Department, can tell more of my life there than I. I only

know that I was the first woman who ever worked there, and there was never a moment of juster pride than when I stood at the counter and drew my husband's full salary as compensation for phonographic work, which no man in that department could do! Then came the long winter of separation, when amid more discouragements than it seems as if I could live through again, I attended lectures in New York. How my heart would throb with envy when I saw my class-mates using all spare moments for study, while I must care for a sick, though darling sister, carrying her *in my arms*, down two long flights of stairs, and out into the sunshine; writing my letters in the dark by *feeling*; reporting to eke out my means; visiting poor, sick people Sunday afternoons, that I might see how blessed I was.

The first of September I sailed, *all alone*, for a foreign land, not one word of whose language could I speak, hardly understanding what people meant by 'How do you dare?' but that leads me *now* to say 'a woman who will leave home and dear ones for a year, is either *very brave* or a fool.'

Those who have read the foregoing sketch will not hesitate as to which class Mrs. Barrows belongs. She has nobly dared to take for herself the initiative in an arduous and difficult profession, where few men win celebrity, and with youth and genius to aid her, no doubt can be entertained but that a bright career is embraced in her future.

MISS KELLOGG.

Miss Kellogg is to American music very much what Edwin Booth is to the American drama. Booth has given the American drama a home worthy of it. American music has no home. It is a vagrant, and, except in the person of Miss Kellogg, a most unhappy and unappreciated vagrant. Having given it a name let her now make money enough to give it a local habitation. She cannot hope to be young and pretty always. In the course of nature she must grow old. Benevolence and matrimony to a woman of her strong character ought to be, and doubtless are, out of the question. But an opera-house, like Booth's Theatre, would perpetuate her work through the ages, and give her something to do in her middle and old age, and as she is now big enough to begin to think about serious things, as all the tucks are out of her dresses, as she is a success, it is well that she ask herself, as her hearers very often ask, "Well, what next?"—Louisville Courier Journal.

—The justly celebrated remedy, advertised in another column, is one of the standard remedies that has stood the test of nearly a quarter of a century, while its popularity is being continually increased. Unlike quack medicines that run for a brief period and are forgotten, this one maintains its standing, while its curative powers are unsurpassed. Fluid Extract of Buchu has for ages past been a standard remedy, and been used in the preparation of many valuable medicines. Physicians now almost universally prescribe Helmbold's preparation, on account of its purity and excellent properties, which are not found in the common fluid extracts.—Daily Herald, Boston, Mass.

—When is a baby most like a cherub? When it continually doth cry.

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Notes About Women.

—Female gatherings—ladies' ruffles.
—A woman's ring—A sewing circle.
—The belle of Charleston, Ill., chews tobacco.

—The Princess Louise is a good painter and sculptress.

—A good silk, like a trodden worm, will turn.

—Madame Anna Bishop is writing an autobiography.

—Cincinnati is legislating against blonde burlesques.

—Dr. Mary E. Walker is lecturing to the benighted Canadians.

—Mrs. Horace Greeley and Ida will winter in the Isle of Wight.

—Mrs. Fish is called the "Queen Dowager of Washington fashion."

—Philadelphia is distinguishing itself for wife and mother beaters.

—Mrs. E. Tupper Wilkes is a Minnesota preacher who gets \$2,000 salary.

—An Iowa lady has applied to the Postmaster-General for a postal mail route.

—A New Orleans girl caught a robber in her room and held him till the police arrived.

—Miss Burdett Coutts has turned her attention to the prevention of cruelty to animals.

—The colored women of Indiana have a secret order called the "Doves of Perfection."

—The New York Star publishes births under the heading, "The happiest women in town."

—Miss Ream is a daughter of Robert L. Ream, Esq., the inventor of the Ream Patent.

—Mrs. Deborah Card, of Newcastle, N. H., over sixty years of age, has just cut two new teeth.

—An old bachelor's conundrum—The only organ without stops. The organ of speech in woman.

—Miss Sarah E. Russel, lately a reporter for the New Haven Palladium, has become a law student.

—Miss Mary Russell has been confirmed by the United States Senate, as postmistress at Hillsdale.

—Mrs. Joshua Bates, of London, who left \$75,000 to build Wesleyan chapels is an American lady.

Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis is the Queen Dowager of fashion in Boston, and Miss Tudor the reigning belle.

—A Detroit lad has killed seventeen cats this fall and sold their hides to buy his poor mother a set of false teeth.

—Miss Tod, of Chicago, who advertises her height as four feet, desires a husband as near six feet in length as possible.

—Among the Americans shut up in Paris are Dr. Mary C. Putnam, daughter of Putnam, the New York publisher.

—A Skowhegan dressmaker has been obliged by a court of justice to pay a customer ten dollars damages for an ill-fitting sack.

—A happy New Year to all our friends, far and near, who are affectionately invited to renew subscriptions at once by sending along the ridiculously small sum of \$2.00.

—Mrs. Moulton, the eminent American amateur vocalist, is a much-esteemed friend and constant attendant on the Empress Eugenie.

—If you have a neighbor, relation, or friend you wish to benefit—subscribe for THE REVOLUTION for 1871, and send it to him as a present.

—At a late wedding in New Haven, during the ceremony, a white dove flew into the church and alighted at the bride's feet. This was hailed by all as a most auspicious omen.

—Old things have passed away and all things have become new. Act on your good resolutions for the new year by subscribing for THE REVOLUTION. Price only \$2.00.

—A party of ladies from Milwaukee, who recently visited Chicago, left one hundred dollars with Professor Safford to get a chromograph, which is much needed in the Dearborn Observatory.

—Several of our leading young ladies have announced their intention of being "not at home" to anybody after 9 o'clock in the evening. A warning to young gentlemen of lazy proclivities.

—The Cincinnati Commercial wants to know why the male person should consider it honorable to be called a "public man," while the female person is disgraced at being called a "public woman?"

—According to the Zend-Aresta, the girl of eighteen who is unwilling to marry is doomed to hell until the resurrection. Very few American girls run much risk of a sojourn in Hades on that account, we judge.

—A representative Western woman boldly announces in her local newspaper that she and the rest of her sex will never rest contented until their sins are treated as leniently as those committed by men.

—"Howard Glyndon," of the New York Mail, is Miss Laura C. Redden, and not Mary Clemmer Ames, as has been recently stated. Either lady is complimented, however, by being mistaken for the other one.

—Miss Kellogg is organizing an English opera on a splendid scale. Her artists will come from Europe, with one or two notable exceptions. Money is said to be no object in the matter of obtaining the best talent.

—The London Ladies' Educational Association announce courses of lectures on English and French literature, about thirty-six, given at the rate of two a week, and annexed to the regular work of University College.

—A new Bedford paper says:

"The experiment of putting women on the school committees in this State has been tried in several towns within a year or two, and as no complaint has been made of its failure, it would seem worthy of further trial."

—The annual meeting of the New York City Woman Suffrage Association will be held at their rooms, 31 Union Square, cor. 16th St., on Friday, Jan. 6th, 1871, at 8 o'clock. All members and friends of the cause are invited to attend.

—We do not wish to promise what we cannot perform, but we feel assured no one who subscribes for THE REVOLUTION for 1871 will have reason to complain of what we shall serve up to our readers.

—Miss Olive Logan, in a recent lecture on "girls," said to her male auditory, "that they had swallowed the negro, and," she added, "I think it is pretty hard, indeed, if you can't go the white woman as far as your lips."

—A Maine female clairvoyant physician testified that though blind, she could see right through a man, discern the organ affected, and read the remedy labelled upon it. The jury compromised her demand of \$125, and gave her \$5 on her bill.

—A German woman, who sings in a saloon in New York, has to go home late at night, carries her pocket full of sand for protection. When accosted by evil-minded men, she throws a handful of sand in their eyes. One dose is said to be sufficient in every case.

—Mr. John Hooker, of Hartford, was President of the State Woman Suffrage Convention at Bridgeport on Monday. The attendance was not large, but of an excellent quality, and the exercises were lively and interesting.

—Rosa Benton, a young woman in the employ of N. E. Crittenden & Co., jewelers, Cleveland, gets \$7,000 "damages" from Hogan & Wade, rival jewelers, who said she was not virtuous. The lawyers talked thirty-six hours.

—A little California girl, under eight years of age, learned to set type in less than a fortnight. The third week she set over ten thousand ems in clear handsome style, thus earning five dollars. Show us a boy who can do better than that.

—Mrs. George Vandenhoff, in her lecture in Boston, last week, on "The Rights and Wrongs of Children," said, "when women should have their rights and vote, she should vote that every school-teacher give a recess to her children every half hour."

—Brigham Young complains that it now takes sixteen or eighteen yards to make a woman's dress, whereas "Brother Heber C. Kimball used to buy six yards of calico for his wife, Vilate, who was a tall woman." No wonder Brigham growls over his dry-goods bills.

—Mrs. Silver, the daughter of Andy Johnson, who resided for three years at the White House, is now Mrs. Brown, the wife of a country storekeeper in Greenville, Tenn. Mr. Brown is a plain and elderly-looking gentleman, well to do in the world through his dealings in dry goods, groceries, and notions.

—We have received a letter from the Hon. J. Williams Morgan, member of the House of Representatives, of Idaho, in which he expresses his intention of framing a woman suffrage bill, and, if possible, getting it passed during the present legislative session. We wish him, most sincerely, God-speed.

—Wedding presents are coming to be counted as capital upon which the business of married life is to be carried on. Not long since, at the wedding of a daughter of ex-Collector Smythe, in New York city, the presents were estimated to represent \$80,000. More recently another wedding among the couped fortunes took place, at which the presents were valued at \$200,000.

—Here is a queer method the Germans have of quieting a restless baby. They say: "In the Twelfths (meaning the twelve days of Christmas), a piece of yarn should be spun and wound the contrary way, through which, if a child that is unquiet be put thrice, it will then become quiet. Or if it be put as many times through the steps of a ladder, or through its mother's wedding-dress, it will have the same beneficial effect."

The Revolution.

—Reconstruction cannot succeed without enfranchising the black woman. Two-thirds of the woes of bondage and disfranchisement are hers.

—Somebody is out in defence of the trifling, nonsense talk of women. He asks:

"Have we not sermons, good books, lectures, institutions, and a complicated education machinery enough of all kinds to improve us all off the face of the earth. If nature did not oppose a little wholesome dunceshood to this sweeping tide of instruction?"

— "Women are like horses—the gayer the harness they have on, the better they feel." We got this from an old bachelor who was early crossed in love, and afterwards went into the pawn-broking business with a cross-eyed assistant.

—Jenny Lind's husband has at length run through the splendid fortune with which she retired from the lyric stage, and she is compelled to teach music for a living. She and her husband have separated by mutual consent; and there is a report among musical circles that she will return to the United States in the character of a concert singer.

—An English correspondent writes: With one exception, all Queen Victoria's "ladies in waiting" are widows. Since her husband's death her Majesty has always selected ladies similarly bereaved. They receive £800 a year, which is a very acceptable addition to the jointure of an Irish peeress. They are always wives or widows of peers.

—A friend writes us concerning Miss Murdoch, who has taken such decided ground against woman's suffrage that "her practice is entirely opposite to her preaching, she having been divorced (because her husband was tyrannical) by special legislation. She is James E. Murdoch's sister, and was married to Thomas Nics (who evidently wasn't as nice by nature as in name) some nineteen or twenty years ago.

—An exchange urges the superfluous female population of New York and other cities to emigrate to our new territories, where women are very scarce. It says:

"Some years ago a courageous woman (Mrs. Farnham) took one hundred and fifty girls from this city to California, and they were soon settled comfortably in married life. This shows what could be done if the requisite effort were put forth."

—At the "Women's Convention" in Akron, Ohio, some singular things were said, and some quite sensible ones. A young woman spoke as follows:

"For her own part, she loved man, individually, collectively, better than woman; and so, she was sure, did every one of her sex, if they, like her, would utter their real sentiments. She was more anxious for man's elevation and improvement than for woman's, and so was every true woman."

—"At Birmingham, England, a man found that the corpse of his grandmother had become petrified, and he tried to sell her to a traveling showman for 'three pounds.'"

There are a good many male fossils among the opposers of the woman cause who would not be valued as high as a petrified grandmother.

—"Anna Dickinson delivered her new lecture on 'Men's Rights,' for the first time, at Boston, Tuesday evening. The *Advertiser* is very much disengaged about her logic."

Anna's want of logic is a sort of stock-in-trade to editors of feeble resources to listen to their wails. One would suppose these astute beings breakfasted on premises, dined on conclusions, and supped on syllogisms.

—Miss La Ramee, the celebrated "Cuidia," author of "Under Two Flags," "Strathmore," etc., is described as a fine looking and very stylish person, not handsome but decidedly striking in appearance, and somewhere between thirty and forty years of age. Her toilets are very elegant and tasteful, though she somewhat mars their effect by letting her back hair flow loose over her shoulders."

—A Miss Woodbury is lecturing on temperance in Canada, and illustrating her subject with pictures. The first picture represents a boy sucking cider through a straw, and the last picture has the little sucker on the gallows. It is said no man can look at those pictures without wondering how he escaped hanging, because everybody has sucked cider through a straw some time.

—The novel spectacle of a woman presenting her grown up son as a witness in a suit for a divorce from his father was lately witnessed in a Superior Court at Chicago. The woman declared that she had endured life with a savage for a quarter of a century, but now that her children are grown up, and able to protect her, she could endure it no longer, and was resolved to have the knot untied.

—Henry Wilson urges unification and education as the new departure for the Republican party, and asks thinkers to suggest means. We answer: let the Republicans pronounce for woman's franchise, an issue that will join all mothers, North and South, in common cause; and will grandly educate them by the competition of politicians for their votes, and through them their children.

—"It is reported that a new star is to be added to the galaxy of ladies who are eloquent. The name of the new orb is Mrs. Frances McKinley. She is represented as resembling Anna Dickinson in general effect; but she is larger. Mrs. McKinley is a Spanish-looking brunette, with black, clustering hair, possessing a clear-deep voice, a pleasing utterance, and remarkable beauty. A lecture of hers, last spring, drew editorial words of praise, in THE REVOLUTION, from that severe critic, Parker Pillsbury."

—Princess Louise is to have the aid of eight bridesmaids, namely: Lady Constance Seymour, daughter of the Marquis of Hertford; Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Duke of Argyll; Lady Florence Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Mary Butler, daughter of the Marchioness of Ormonde; Lady Alice Fitzgerald, daughter of the Marquis of Kildare; Lady Grace Gordon, daughter of the Dowager Marchioness of Huntly; Lady Florence Montague, daughter of the Earl of Sandwich; and Lady Agatha Russell, daughter of Earl Russell.

—Old Boreas being a male, and unquestionably opposed to woman suffrage, did all he could to interfere with Miss Anthony's northern tour; but with her own magnificent daring, she defied him. Her Lowell lecture was delivered in the midst of a pelting snow-storm. One hundred true and dauntless souls turned out to hear her, although she says "no other town of the same size would have furnished an audience of fifty in such bitter weather." Miss Anthony's Watertown lecture was, by some mistake of the Committee, set down for the 23d. It was deferred until December 29th.

—The Greeks ridiculed the customs of Egypt, where, according to garrulous Herodotus, men wrought in-doors at the loom while women bought and sold in the market-place. What fine satire would Euripides or Sophocles spin from the threads of our modern custom of putting men behind the counter to sell pins and yarns and laces, while women work at the loom, make heavy cloths into garments, and scrub the floors and sidewalks, that dandies need not stumble over the stumps of cigars nor slip in pools of tobacco filth?

—"Warrington," of the Springfield *Republican*, has the following on Miss Edgerton's lecture:

Miss Edgerton seems to think that there is a very strong and very dangerous tendency toward the abolition of the marriage relation, and quotes Mrs. Stanton as saying that marriage ought to be dissolved at the will of the parties. I should doubt very much if Mrs. Stanton ever said this. Her lecture, and the sayings of THE REVOLUTION, and the recent leader in the *Independent*, are capable of being construed in this direction, perhaps, but I cannot believe that there is in New York, or anywhere else, any *theoretical* advance that way.

—Junius Henri Browne has been drawing portraits of the women of different Western cities for the benefit of the readers of the January *Galaxy*. Of the St. Louis women he says:

"Many of the descendants of the old Creole families have an affluence of personal charm, which savors of the tropics; while in the present and rising generation can be detected those sweet and pensive American faces, which are recognized and remembered all over the world."

—The *Troy Press* tells the following: "A very careless man in Schenectady threw a kiss to his little daughter in the street. Another man's wife stood in the range and thought the kiss was meant for her; so she made a similar demonstration. Her husband just then, unluckily, came upon the scene and witnessed the transaction. He was very mad, and his anger caused him to thrash the father of the fore-mentioned little daughter. The result is an assault and battery case, which bids fair to furnish food for gossip in Schenectady for some time to come."

—One Mme. Strutt has put forth a book on the feminine soul in which, with the utmost assumption and arrogance, she demands all women back to the kitchen and nursery, claiming that they have no aptitude for scientific pursuits, and were created mere satellites of men. Her creed is "He for God only; she for God in him." Mme. Strutt, who appears to be well named, makes no bones of disposing of Mrs. Somerville, Caroline Herschell, and Maria Mitchell, and this, too, while Prof. Huxley is proclaiming the need of scientific education for women. If the Huxleys and Strutts should meet and contest the point, we have our own idea as to who would win.

—An exchange says of Miss Murdoch's lecture:

"It was refreshing, after the masculine platitudes of those unsexed females who make the land sick with their shrieks for woman's misnamed rights, to hear an educated and intelligent lady declare that the proudest position of woman was that of true femininity."

Miss Murdoch must be refreshingly modest if she supposes her notion of "true femininity" will be adopted as a standard by the sex. There is something very funny in the idea of a woman-lecturer denouncing the so-called strong-minded sisterhood, when the very fact of her appearing upon a platform at all is among the worst shocks she can administer to respectable conservatism.

Our Mail Bag.

JUSTICE VS. LAW AND CUSTOM.

OWEN'S VALLEY, CAL., Dec. 7, 1870.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

A lawyer here who had been consulted the other day by a married woman, in regard to her right to a portion of the accumulated property since their marriage, and of personal property that was hers before that time, was told that "the law, in cases of a dishonest husband, would give her very little; that virtually the laws only recognized the wife as belonging to her husband, and not supposed to have or claim any individual rights whatever, at least in the lifetime of the husband. Before the law and custom of society she is a slave, for she has not the legal right to herself, her earnings, or even her own children." She is, then, but the pensioner of the bounty and charity of her husband and neighbors. The best of married men are not willing that their wives should be equal partners in the ownership of the property, or that they should have a share in the management of the same.

Some say: "What do women want, only to be provided for by men? How would they make it any better if they had the management of what is called men's affairs?"

The difficulty lies in the fact that men and women do not understand each other or themselves, for the laws of accumulation and distribution do not naturally belong to sex; but man being physically better adapted to gather supplies from the wood and soil, so long as great powers of strength were necessary to gain a subsistence, he has been the provider by hunting, fishing, fighting, and taking spoils, keeping of flocks and herds, by agriculture, manufactures, mechanics, arts and sciences, until his skill and inventions have made mind-power superior to the physical; and now the gentle hand of woman can steer a ship or curb the power of the steam-engine, and control machinery equal to the labor of a thousand strong men.

Women are beginning to feel that there is something more to do, something grander to achieve, than merely to be parlor dolls, or to do the world's drudgery, that labor left to them to do, because it is disagreeable and don't pay only in the comfort of others. The self-sacrificing wife and mother that never goes from home only to a church or a funeral, that is ever looking up lost hats, toys and school-books for the children, washing and mending the clothes, socks and mittens of the whole household; cooking three meals a day, making beds, sweeping and dusting, from year's end to year's end, her comfort is seldom thought of; and often she dare not go to a store and get her a dress without asking her husband, and perhaps then be denied! Do men ask of their wives if they may get themselves a coat, hat or pair of boots? If a subscription paper for some charitable purpose is going around, or perhaps for the printing of some rare book, does the wife or husband ask if they can subscribe for it?

Men mistake the nature of women when they think they had rather ask some male friend for their money than to have it in a purse of their own, and to feel that it is the product of their own labor, whether done in the kitchen or the workshop.

Without ownership of purse or property a

woman is powerless. And it is this that most men are unwilling to accord her; for, say they, "if women are to be put on an equality with us, we shall treat them as men, and cease to show them any gallantry or polite attentions; we will smoke in their faces, make them stand up in the cars, carry their own bundles, and pay their bills at the theatres." Will men turn boors just because women don't care to be treated as dependents?

I had for some time heard a woman in the neighborhood praised very highly by many men, saying that "she was a model wife, etc." So I went to pay her a visit in order to see this paragon of womanly excellence. I called there one day, and found a rather small, pale-faced, gentle-voiced woman, with a babe in her arms, and another a little larger holding on to her dress, as she smilingly opened the door, and on our entering into conversation, and not seeing any books or papers anywhere around, I told her "I would send her some if she wished to read them."

She replied that she had no time to read; her husband was keeping a saloon, and as he was up almost every night tending it she had to see to things in the daytime while he slept; for it seemed so hard for poor Jimmy to have to work night and day to make a living, and she believed if it were not that she took in washing and a few boarders they would suffer, for few of the men who came in and ate ever paid anything for it. I said, "are you happy and contented with your condition of life?" "O, yes, for the Scriptures say for women to obey their husbands, and I have never disobeyed mine, and I must not complain, for we cannot expect to get to heaven only by suffering."

Thus I found the old idea of merit in endurance, and suffering of wrongs, instead of trying to right them by controlling wrong conditions; and thereby she was blighting the race with children wronged by ante-natal impressions, produced by the mother's false relations to life and its laws of harmonious development.

Just so long as women are made to believe that happiness here and heaven hereafter are to be secured by this kind of self-sacrifice upon the altar of Marriage and Mammon, by both Church and State, so long will the redemption of the race be retarded, and these sufferers be called saints, while those that seek to redress their wrongs be called "strong-minded meddlers" with things and questions that they have no business with.

If women are to lose their identity by marriage, and are not allowed a voice in making the laws of the marriage contract, or of annulling it, I would say to every single woman in the land, don't marry unless you can retain the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, with full permission of using your own faculties and earnings to suit your own tastes and capabilities. If this is to bring on a revolution, then let it come; it is needed.

Truly yours, L. H.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

EAST BURK, December 7th, 1870.
To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

The following is the opinion of a reverend sir concerning the mission and responsibility of women, or "Women in Society." He says:

"A grave responsibility rests upon the women here. They are not doing their duty. Why is society coarse,

and flippant? Why do young men seek the company of meretricious women? Why do gentlemen frequent the club, the billiard-room, the theater? Why are gentlemen reluctant to go into society, preferring the evening newspaper or the evening nap on the sofa? These young men, wandering away into temptation, are they not a reproach to women, who ought to draw them within the reach of their fascinations? These nightly frequenters of the club-house and the billiard-room, and of worse places, are they not a reproach to the women, the charm of whose society ought to make it impossible to waste the evening hours in foolishness? The crowded haunts of dissipation cry out against the dark and silent parlors, which should be alive with happy guests, delighting and improving each other. Must social prejudices, absurd customs, stupid and illiberal habits, instituted follies, established evils, organized wrongs, exist by sufferance of women, whose delicacy they ought to shock, whose scorn they ought to encounter, whose ridicule they ought to provoke? Must they appeal to women as being their indirect abettors? Alas, that indecision, ease, indifference, recklessness, should have the face to say, for a moment, that American women give them countenance."

"O, Consistency, thou art a jewel!" Charging the blame upon women will never remedy this evil. We must trace these unfortunate effects to their true causes, if we would right this wrong. In the first place, we beg to know the cause of young men being led into temptation; where, and how, and when, do they imbibe the influence and form the bad habits, and, what is more, who are their exemplars?

Admitting that the propensity in man to be rude, boisterous, and unrefined, is chargeable to nature—that it is the necessary accompaniment of his superior courage and strength which he by nature possesses—we perceive that the propensity seeks vent in certain habits and vices, such as lewd jesting, swearing, chewing, smoking, tippling, gambling, and fighting; all of which prevail among men to a greater or less extent, some men betaking themselves to one or more of these manly accomplishments, and some to all of them, just as the taste inclines—now and then one being found, like a rare jewel, who abstains from all.

These vices are cherished in all possible ways—presented in the most alluring forms. They have been cultivated by the most assiduous practice, presented as examples to youth and even boyhood, monkey imitations being commended and cheered; and they have been sanctioned as being the only true certificates to manhood, and some of them are even recommended as being conducive to health and longevity.

They have been kept as far removed as possible from woman's presence and influence, gallantry being employed to cover the real design. Seldom are they indulged in the presence of wife, sister, or mother, and scarcely at all in the presence of a lady-love. Smoking is prohibited in the presence of ladies; drinking and gambling are confined to the bar-room, the ale-house, and club-room, where woman's intrusion is never feared. An oath or vulgar jest is considered the height of impropriety in the presence of women, while fighting is not to be thought of, and much less practiced.

These vices all have their places for indulgence outside the sphere prescribed to women, beyond the reach of her influence, always in the presence of men, in their exclusive gatherings, and all public places of business, pastime or labor where men are wont to assemble by themselves.

Now, if women are not to blame for caus-

ing these evils, much less are they to blame for not remedying them when the only means for so doing is refused them.

Admitting that it is woman's province to refine man's ruder nature—that it is her arduous task to guard and guide the waywardness of childhood and the faltering steps of youth, to gird on his armor against temptation—what means are allowed her for fulfilling her mission? Only under the shelter of home—by the fireside, in the social circle—may she seek for opportunities to use her influence, but not a step beyond this dares she advance to save from ruin the object of her affection and care.

Having ascertained the cause of this depravity in public life to be the want of woman's presence and refining influence, it is easy to see the remedy. Since no efficient efforts are put forth by the men to counteract, prohibit or restrain these vices—no one daring to cast the first stone—the only alternative left is to admit woman to the same position with man; give her the same opportunities, the same motives, and the same responsibilities, that she may retain her place at his side as his guardian angel, and as nature designed she should be, to refine and elevate him, and that not only by the fireside, in the social circle, the lecture-room, and the church, but in all the public walks of life as well.

Yours, etc.,

MARION MARTIN.

THE MORMONS AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

The article upon "Mormons" in No. 154 is an honor to human nature—womanhood. I have long held a pet theory that war will cease finally through the influence and political power of woman.

The facts connected with Mormonism speak louder than any words—the good done; a desert "turned into a fruitful field;" a scattered people gathered into a great community, prosperous in supplying the physical wants of food, shelter, a homestead, a "local habitation and a name," without pauperism, without "fallen women," though not without fallen men, yet successful in suppressing "the social evil" beyond any other Christian community outside the Shaker precincts.

Your suggestion about a remedy for polygamy is adequate to the end in view. But think a moment. Is not "half a husband," such as can now be obtained, better, far better, than a "whole one"? Moses, because of the moral and physiological hardness of the men in his day, suffered polygamy and even divorce. Was there ever so hardened a race of males on earth as now? and who for the protection of woman stood more in need of polygamy and divorce? Could the males be brought even in Washington to accept and practice natural marriage?

My friend, John Beeson, writes me that "a man who resided three years among the Shawnees tribe of Indians (he being the first white man they had ever seen) describes them as follows: "A noble and powerful tribe, a finely-formed, athletic people; no deformed ones, and but rarely any sick amongst them. They make neat and appropriate dresses of the skins of animals, with the fur on in winter and off in summer. They bathed their bodies in promiscuous companies of both sexes every day, with no sense of shame or

attempt at concealment, and evinced no more amative feelings than so many male and female animals in a state of nature. There were no large families, only two or three children at most to one mother. Polygamy was allowed, but rarely practised. No prostitutes, no seductions. The men were kind to their squaws, and paid special attention, physiologically and morally, to the training of children, designing to develop strength, courage, patience, agility, and all of their natural faculties. They were strictly just in their dealings with each other, their word being their bond; only one offence in three years. They kept large herds of horses, but disdained to ride upon any except the males."

How is it that the Mormons and wild Indians have always been upon friendly terms, having no war?

The noble words your correspondent utters, "I am opposed to any measures of coercion to force a religious sect; such a course always defeats its own aim," are worthy of your sex.

Is it not a great glory to the Mormons that they have no groggery, no drunkenness, no paupers, and that the women have the right of suffrage?

As the Shakers were the first in the field of Reform, beginning at the bottom—abstract ideas—"God is love," and love is feminine—Mother; "God is fire—Truth," and truth is masculine—Father. So are they a Government that is strictly dual, in which physical force has no place; war on the external plane has ceased, and other things are in order and can be attended to, and the women, as well as the men, will have time to attend to them.

Respectfully yours, F. W. EVANS.

THE NATION'S FALLACIES.

DECEMBER 31st, 1870.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Will not the editor of the *Nation* lose his claim to be considered a "reasonable being," if he continues to publish such unreasonable objections to the right of female suffrage?

Have mental acquirements ever been requisite for a male voter? I often heard it questioned in my childhood, whether ability to read and write should not be the qualification rather than ownership of a certain amount of sand and gravel (a law existing in Rhode Island a few years since); but it has always remained a question, and seems likely to, as far as the males are concerned, since the 15th Amendment admits as voters the most ignorant portion of our population without any such proviso.

No one said to the negro, "Stand on the top of Olympus; solve the problems puzzling the brains of those who have enjoyed every advantage of freedom and education from childhood." He is not asked to give his views on the "Alabama question," the fisheries question, the judiciary, and a host of other questions, and he shall vote. If the expediency of educating the negro in the elementary branches was proposed, the answer was, "No; with freedom and his citizenship would come ambition in intellectual pursuits, and his progress would be ten-fold greater.

How is it with the foreigner? Is he told to become a bright shining star in our intellectual firmament, in order to become a citizen? Does it occur to these mighty intellects, as they link themselves arm in arm, and place themselves on equality for one day only for polling purposes with the most abject portion

of our population—does it occur to these whether their temporary friend could write an essay on education, on the judiciary, or speak on the Alabama question, etc.? I fancy not; it is enough that he is an individual with a name. Intellectual culture is wholly ignored. It is only when woman asks for the ballot that our friends suddenly discover the advantage of this high condition of the intellect, an advantage which we grant, if made obligatory on both sexes.

Is it strange that a people not yet out of bondage should write on matters in which law and custom forbid any personal participation? But are not women often heard from on matters nearer home; for instance, education? and have not the judiciary powers of our land been frequently attacked by them, and errors pointed out? We will say, as was said of the black man, with the freedom which the ballot will give, in due time will appear a host of writers and speakers, of whom our male peers need not be ashamed. In the meantime, will the editor of the *Nation* help unbar the doors of our literary institutions, so that when woman knocks for admittance it may not be vain.

Yours truly,

S. W. L.

OUR CAUSE IN ITALY.

Rome, December 4th, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

In one of the last numbers of the ever-welcome *REVOLUTION*, I notice the extract from a letter of Mazzini to the author of "La Famiglia." You will be glad to know Signor Mazzoleni, whose work earned him two medals, prompted perhaps by the rebuke of the great thinker, has reviewed not only "the family in its relations to the individual and to society," but the position and claims of woman. The result of his deliberations appears in the fact that he is now a member of the International Society, whose headquarters are at Geneva, and whose aim is to secure to woman in the State and in society all the rights that men enjoy."

A letter just received from Milan says:

"It was with real pleasure that I read the extracts from the papers you were kind enough to send me, and perceived the democratic solidarity that animates your fellow-citizens. We poor democrats of Italy look with envy upon the marvellous progress that civilization has made in the United States through liberty. The brilliant pharos that enlightens us from afar renders more ardent and impassioned our aspirations towards true liberty and emancipation for all. We have just gained two proselytes to our cause. One is my good friend and colleague in the Patriotic Society of Milanese women, to which I have belonged since 1860. I believe her energetic words will influence others to swell the list of the 'strong-minded.' The portraits of Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony will have the place of honor in the reunions of our little Committee."

Not so "little" either. The International Society counts more than thirty adherents in Milan; among them some of the loveliest women; it has been my good fortune to know in the Old World or the New. Vivacious and sprightly in conversation as Frenchwomen, their years of devotion to the great cause of liberty and unity incarnate in Garibaldi and Mazzini, has lent to the earnestness of the Italian character an enthusiasm like that which characterized our best women during the war, an enthusiasm whose warmth and glow it does one good to come near.

Yours truly. KATE N. DOGGETT.

—Prof. Wilder calls the Grecian bend the monkey bend.

The Revolution.

The Revolution.

Laura Curtis Bullard, Editor.

All persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, regulations, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employment, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamp. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Principal Office, No. 31 Union Place, corner of Sixteenth street, New York. Branch Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 5, 1871.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

It is especially beautiful and appropriate that a season should be set apart and consecrated to good will and the kindly interchange of friendly feeling. We never realize what cold, expressionless lives we lead until the genial holiday tides are set in motion and unselfish benevolence gets a firm hold of our heart strings.

No doubt a great many idle and meaningless words are uttered at this season; but even if all good wishes do not come from the very bottom of the heart they go to swell the general joy, and some way make the winter sunshine warmer and the winter air melodious with sweet sounds.

Now, on the threshold of the new year, with privilege of peeping through the half-open portal, we fervently send a greeting to all our friends—dear, gentle friends—scattered over the length and breadth of this broad land, from the Pacific slope to the shores of Maine, and away, too, in lovely English homes, and under the beautiful skies of Italy.

One great advantage of a reform which separates a band of workers from the careless or scoffing throng, and binds them over to labor for humanity, is that it knits heart to heart, and brings mutual support and comfort.

Dear friends, how pleasantly these words linger in our thoughts as we dwell upon the various ways over which THE REVOLUTION travels, and the kindly eyes that peruse it, and the kindly hearts that judge it. We ask you not only to continue your past interest in us, for which we are deeply grateful, but to help us to secure a larger constituency. If THE REVOLUTION has done anything for you, remember that it may also benefit your neighbor. Get her to subscribe, or, if she cannot do so, lend her your paper. Make it a kind of missionary in the place where you live. Do what you can towards letting it be known that we aim to accomplish a practical work for laboring women by moulding public sentiment, calling attention to abuses, demanding, and reiterating our demand, for enlarged fields of labor for women, and for equal pay with men for the same work.

We aim, also, to show how the ballot will be a powerful agent towards righting woman's grievous wrongs in these directions, and just what its practical bearings are. Women say they do not want to vote because they do not understand how, in this country, voting underlies privilege. During the coming year we intend to make this great subject, the power of the ballot, an important and interesting feature of our paper.

The cause of woman's education will also

have a place of honor in these pages. Every token of improved opportunities will be hailed and chronicled. Never shall we cease to assail the selfish policy which shuts the doors of our highest institutions of learning against the daughters of the land, and never to reiterate our conviction that the co-education of the sexes is the system involving the greatest benefit, to both men and women.

The social abuses and needs of woman will also be especially dwelt upon. There ought not to be any misconception of our aims in this respect. Truths in regard to the marriage relation are certainly demanded. Woman's most vital interests are bound up in this theme. THE REVOLUTION will be a free platform for all that seems to us appropriate, wise and well-considered on this subject in the future as it has been in the past. We hold that the only means to prevent a flood-tide of license from sweeping through society is to elevate marriage. The highest aim of our movement is to fit men and women to stand as equals in this relation. People ought to be educated up to the significance of a great and sacred vow. How many who marry are thus educated? No lever can be put under one sex without raising the other also. The question thus resolves itself into one of humanity.

It will be seen that we aim to touch the whole circle of woman's most sacred interests. The ballot is only one of the agencies for her elevation. Although it can, and will, accomplish great and important results, it cannot secure to woman all the social freedom which she demands; neither can we afford to wait until the ballot has been gained before we attack the wrongs and restrictions weighing down thousands of lives, which would not be perceptibly lightened were the ballot granted to-morrow.

Every woman who earns her living as artist, reporter, journalist, professional or business woman, in fields which were closed to her sex a quarter of a century back, owes her improved opportunities directly to this cause, and ought to be in our ranks, in order to pay her debt to other women who are still struggling for what she has attained.

An historical survey of what the question of woman's rights has actually done for women within the last twenty years would be pregnant with instruction. The improved statutes of every State, where legislation has come to our aid, offers a noble tribute to the indefatigable efforts of such women as Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Susan B. Anthony. The fact that all our law-records are not like those of New Jersey, a standing insult and menace to women, is mainly due to workers such as these. To them should be given the praise that 1870 has been the most fortunate year that ever dawned for our sex. To them, also, will be the honor of all that 1871 now promises.

Let us never forget, for one moment, these grand heroines of our cause. There is a story told of an Egyptian architect who built a magnificent temple, upon the solid granite doorway of which he carved his own name. This inscription was covered with a coating of plaster, on which was engraved the name of the monarch. In the course of time that plaster peeled off, and then the name of the architect reappeared, carved in enduring granite. These noble women, the architects of the woman cause, have their names also engraved on granite. Whoever may come after them, and

attempt to daub with perishable stuff, will find it one day crumbling and peeling away, to leave their names where their deeds have carved them.

The year opens before us with a fair field for our great cause. There is no war in the land, such as is now desolating unhappy France, to turn back the hand upon the dial. Even our enemies acknowledge that no other question is half as absorbing to the public mind as this. Horace Greeley, even, must understand that women will vote in the near future, however much he may deplore the frightful prospect. The last bit of road over which we have to travel may be rough and difficult; but we call upon the stout hearts and strong hands of our friends and co-workers to make the coming year one of victory and triumph all along the line.

THOSE WHO SIT IN DARKNESS.

At this moment when the promise of the New Year is brightening over our favored land, it is meet to pause in the eager, hurrying rush of business and the equally eager pursuit of pleasure to send many pitying prayerful thoughts across the sea to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

There is a mournful significance in the fact which comes to us that hungry Paris creeps away to its short and troubled rest without the cheer of light. Grace Greenwood, in a noble appeal to her country women, has drawn a heart-rending picture of the sufferings of the sick and fever-parched, with no ray to guide the loving hand to their relief. We know that even now, in that fire and blood-begirt city, hungry children are crying for bread, while the mothers cannot see their faces to stroke away their tears. We know the air is fraught with the sobbing and wailing of women, not alone in the beleaguered city, but all over desolate France and Germany, that is paying for its victories with the broken hearts of women.

Fortunately we are gifted with only a dull and sluggish faculty of imagining the woes we cannot see, else our hearts would know no rest from the pangs inflicted by these terrible scenes taking place across the water. We cannot, or we do not, stop to picture the striking contrast between New York and Paris these holiday times. Where are the throngs of pleasure-seekers, the brilliant lights and gorgeous shops of that fairy capital? All supplanted by grim darkness, by sackcloth and ashes, the roar of artillery, the clamor for bread, the ominous silence of the most volatile and cheerful people on the globe, the brave and patient hoping against hope, and holding out in a lost cause to the bitter end.

How is it in the peasant homes of desolated Alsace and Lorraine to-day? Where are those whose cottages were burned over their heads, just on the edge of this winter of unexpected severity, after last summer's crops were trampled under the feet of armies, and the cattle driven away to feed the invading horde?

Let us remember these hungry, cold, shelterless people, and the deeper grief over husbands, sons and brothers slain. The weight of anguish is mainly on the bowed heads of women, our sisters. Thousands of them have lost their providers; the hands that have labored for them were shot away at Gravelotte and Sedan; the forms on which they leaned are mouldering back to dust. With famished children crying in their arms, and the old and

incapable clinging to their skirts, what a picture do these desolate wives and widows offer of woman's wrongs in war!

It is good for us to think, during one short moment, of the beautiful hopes and prospects in other lands, over which the ploughshare of war has passed, tearing, rending the heart's fibres, and leaving wounds time can never heal. How many sons—mere boys—have gone out of their mother's arms, marched away to the capital with jaunty step and careless heart and have fallen with the great gunshot wound in the breast, and the fair locks dabbled in blood? Think of the aching void in those mothers' bosoms, the peace destroyed that shall never come back again, even when the leaders have become surfeited with carnage, and national peace pipes over the stricken land. It will not matter much to them whether a Republican president rules France, or an Orleans or Bonaparte sits in the chair of state. The pathos of their lives will cling to graves where the alchemy of nature shall change the wreck of battle into harmless grass and flowers.

Let us think of the wives and sisters who watch for the return of poor cripples, dragging along their remnants of bodies upon crutches—hollow-eyed and emaciated from languishing long in hospitals—coming back to claim the pity and the aid of women every hour of their remaining lives, and causing a sorrow more poignant and protracted than the sorrow of the grave.

The oldest and deepest curse is the curse of war; and women, who have had no part in making war—who hate and detest it—have ever been its worst victim. Let us vow, as women, in view of what is being enacted on another continent, todo all in our power to deepen this hate and strengthen this detestation. It is a holy work. Every woman in this land ought to join with Julia Ward Howe in the effort she is making to arouse the moral consciousness of the world to the deep, double-dyed iniquity of sanguinary conflicts, inaugurated and carried out by unscrupulous men. Here is worthy work for the new year. Let women everywhere write and speak against war. Let the work begin at the fireside, and spread, and leaven all communities, large and small, until no woman shall be found so blind to her own interests, so unsympathetic for the woes of women in another land, as to remain passive on this subject. Mothers, it is your duty to instill a horror of war into the minds of your children. Begin early, and cease not with your efforts until the rising generation shall class war with crimes, fit only to stain a barbarous age. The spirit of Christ demands this work of your hands, and see to it that it be not neglected.

WOMEN TEMPTERS.

We are glad we can agree with Dr. Holland on something. When the wind is east with him, it generally blows due west in our quarter. But we do, nevertheless, heartily indorse what he says, in the last number of *Scribner's Monthly*, on the pernicious custom of setting forth wine and spirits on New Year's day to muddle the brains and thicken the tongues of men. Women stand fearfully in their own light when they offer intoxicating drink to their male friends, and hamper the action of all who would do them good, by thoughtlessly putting temptation in the way of those whose

ruin may recoil upon their own heads. Dr. Holland says:

"Of the worst foes that woman has ever had to encounter, wine stands at the head. The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the lives of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more sorrow, shame, and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens of thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands of women who are widows to day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes, scattered all over the land, in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love."

These are terrible truths, and the young woman who fills the wine-glass on New Year's day, and hands it to her friend or lover, is the modern Circe who, as the old fable hath it, first charms her victim and then changes him to the form of a beast.

The temperance reform, which is and ever must be the ally of woman's rights, cannot make any marked progress until women set their faces, like flints, against social drinking. Men are well pleased that women should support them in the course whither all their passions and appetites tend, and women, with moral consciousness unawakened, will, metaphorically speaking, set fire to the very house over their heads to gain man's approbation.

To a thoughtful mind, there is no sight more fraught with sad and sinister suggestions than the spectacle of a fair woman placing in man's hand the draught which may poison her life. If all the high and lovely dames who will stand in the glitter of jewels and rich apparel on New Year's day, and offer men the little demon of the wine-cup amid every possible seduction of wealth and beauty, could have a timely vision of the victims that demon has thrust into prisons, and insane asylums, and alms-houses—could listen to the gibbering of the maniac, and see the despair of the criminal, and then be introduced to the drunkard's wife and the drunkard's child, with a consciousness that the path from the gorgeous parlor-door may lead directly to these scenes—would they not perceive how fearful a thing it is to be fine lady tempters?

Aside from the graver moral aspects of the question, wine has vulgarized the beautiful New Year's festival, which was designed for the exchange of kindly greetings and the outpouring of social good will. As the day wanes, almost every lady who receives a crowd of callers is subjected to the annoyance and humiliation of seeing men enter her drawing-room who, in gait and speech, show that they are considerably the worse for liquor, and will, if they ventured into the presence of refined women on other occasions in the same condition, would not be tolerated. It is humiliating to confess that on one day of the year, and that the first, men have license from women to make beasts of themselves. Thus has one of the most genial customs of this and other cities been frequently degraded to a kind of Saturnalia. On New Year's night there are generally more intoxicated men abroad than on any other night of the year. Women, in too many cases, have themselves to blame, and the cure lies, to a great extent, in their own hands.

Mrs. Devereux Blake is making a success of her war lecture entitled "Soldier and Victim."

WOMAN SOVEREIGNTY.

In her recent lecture, Miss Edgerton is reported to have said that, "With the best intentions in the world, Mrs. E. C. Stanton taught that the individual sovereignty of woman is more sacred than any earthly tie. While she thought that the individual sovereignty of woman was decidedly less sacred than her sovereignty as wife and mother."

It is not strange, perhaps, that people like Miss Edgerton are unable to reason far enough to see that Nature's whole aim is to make a perfectly developed human being, whether man or woman, firmly based on character. Such a creature would be fitted to fulfill all the relations of life and, yet would not be a mere phantasm or simulacrum were some very important experiences denied her. The sovereignty of the woman must underlie all other sovereignty. It would be curious if Miss Edgerton would inform us how she would go to work to make a wife and mother without first making a woman. It is somewhat funny to hear rosy-cheeked girls upon the platform, hardly beyond their teens, knocking the foundation planks out from under the human race in this way, and promulgating new laws for the government of the universe. Marie Antoinette, driven from the citadel of queen, wife, mother, came down, and stood upon her womanhood, and the world remembers her in that supreme moment of her anguish only as woman.

As well might it be said that the chief design of Nature is to make good sea captains or farmers as to make good wives and mothers. We do not hesitate to proclaim that womanhood is greater than wife or motherhood, and includes them as the greater includes the less.

These fallacies, promulgated by girlish orators, might be harmless enough, did they not tend to keep woman the agent subordinate to wifehood or motherhood the office, and to hide from sight the duty devolving upon every woman never to cease striving to reach her full mental and moral stature as an independent human being.

The world demands large-brained, large-hearted women, cast in a noble mould, both mentally and physically. Certain it is that the mothers of the race need improving no less than the fathers; but if there is any better way to reach this much-desired result more directly than by raising the whole tone of womanhood, and giving larger aims and nobler aspirations to the sex, we should like to be informed how practically it can be done.

UNCONSCIOUS DARING.

One dark night not long ago, a burglar entered a private residence on Sixth Avenue. On ascending one flight of stairs he observed a light in a chamber, and while hesitating what to do, a large woman suddenly descended upon him, seized him by the throat, forced him down through the nail, and pushed him into the street before he had time to think. "Heroic repulse of a burglar by a woman" was the way the story appeared in the newspapers next day; but when friends called and congratulated her upon her courage, she exclaimed: "Goodness gracious! I didn't know it was a burglar! If I had, I should have been frightened half to death. I thought it was my husband come home drunk again, and I was determined he shouldn't stay in the house in that condition."

THE FIRST DUTY OF WOMAN.

The keen delight which any average community takes in tearing to pieces the reputation of men and women, and especially of women, is a striking evidence of the corrupt state of society. The canker-worm is at work, and the root of pure morality has been destroyed wherever this zest for damaging reputations and sullying good names shows itself in full vigor.

We think we are civilized and Christianized because we have no relish for bull-fights and bear-beating; but the cruelty which is practised towards the suspect everywhere is a thousand times more ferocious.

This stealing of good names and dragging them in the dirt is practiced upon the slightest excuse. The public mind rushes instantly to the very basest conclusions. A man and woman are seen together; they are friendly and cordial, pleased perhaps for the time being with each other's society. Slanderous tongues begin to wound them; the man is injured, but the woman is fatally hurt in the most vital part. The whisper, the innuendo, the pointed finger all mark her wherever she goes. A mysterious and fatal stigma fastens itself to her presence. No one stops to ask what are the facts in the case—whether there is any real evidence of wrong-doing on her part. It is enough that her reputation has been blown upon to set all the curs of society yelping at her heels. Wicked, lecherous men—men steeped in debauchery up to the eyes will have their fling at her. The foul-mouthed, the ribald, the sly, smooth sinner will cover her with the slime of half-uttered suggestions, of inarticulate suspicions—things light as air, and yet heavy as doom.

We believe, and may we be forgiven if the belief is unfounded, that the majority of stories injurious to women are set afloat by men. Wo-

men are said to be more harsh and uncharitable towards their own sex than men are, and undoubtedly, in small communities especially, where excitement is scanty, they do take up and circulate the floating gossip; but evil is always on the surface of bad men's minds; they delight in impure suggestions; they have no faith in the loyalty of others, because they have none themselves; and through envy, spite, malice, and all uncharitableness, they mercilessly pluck those upon whom their debased glances fall.

How many a woman's fair fame has been torn to shreds around bar-room fires and among the loafers and loungers congregated in village stores. The foul mouths of the most disreputable class have inflicted wounds that have not only blasted the lives of women, the hem of whose garments they were not worthy to touch, but have actually sent them to early graves.

Women are harsh and unrelenting towards the impure of their own sex and those suspected of impurity, because they have been drilled into the belief that there is no redemption for women from one species of sin. Their bitter judgments have arisen from bitter punishments. A bad woman, they have heretofore been taught to believe, was infinitely more culpable than a bad man; her guilt was deeper; her punishment should never find reprieve in this world. Good clean society would never make a place for her if she had sinned or been charged with sin, the charge remaining unproved.

Slowly the moral consciousness of the world is awakening to the truth that sin is the same, whether committed by man or woman—that the impurity of man shows just as black in the eyes of God as the impurity of woman. Women have heretofore been cruel on the same principle that the inquisitors of the sixteenth century were cruel in believing that they were justified in putting heretics to the torture, in order to furnish a warning and admonition. Women have long enough been put to the torture. The way of return for her erring feet has long enough been hedged up. Bad women are said to be worse than bad men; and if they are worse, it is because they are reckless for want of hope. They have fallen into the pit, and the ladder has been pulled up by society. There is no means of escape, and nothing remains for them but to go down into the lowest hell.

The first duty of the thoughtful, enlightened woman of intellect and conscience is to help screen her sisters from the slings and arrows of an outrageously corrupt state of public sentiment. No woman with a heart in her bosom can reflect upon these things without deep indignation. The great souls among women must come to the rescue, and put down calumny, slander and evil-speaking. No other charges would receive credence on the slight evidence which alone is wanting to take away a woman's good name. Oh! noble women of this land, pure in life, spotless in fame, come stand by your sisters. It is your first and most sacred duty. Stand by them, when calumny and detraction have darkened their lives. Let not one of them perish for want of a friend. Women must learn to befriend and protect each other. There are multitudes of cases where the proffered friendship of man is an insult and an injury, but where the countenance and support of a pure woman brings salvation.

THE PILGRIM MOTHERS.

On the twenty-second of December a rare company of New England's sons assembled at Delmonico's to do honor to the memory of the pilgrim fathers by eating and drinking in a manner which certainly would have scandalized the staid old heroes of the Mayflower could they have appeared in real or ghostly fashion upon the scene. It strikes us that this occasion, which was graced by the highest genius and wit which the land affords, in spite of all the felicitously happy and wise things that were said, in spite of all the sparkle and glow of good-will and fellowship, was singularly one-sided and incomplete. There were New England's worthiest sons assembled, but where were New England's noblest daughters? The occasion was dignified by the presence of an Emerson and a Sherman. Would it not have been equally honored by the presence of a Harriet Beecher Stowe or a Lydia Maria Child?

We do not wish to cast any doubt upon the propriety of honoring our Puritan forefathers, although they had a somewhat unpleasant penchant for killing witches, who were all women; but we do object to that exclusive laudation of them which leaves no time for honoring our Puritan mothers. To be sure, the toast was proposed: "The day we celebrate, and the heroic men and women who made it what it was." Dr. Bellows, in responding to the toast, made one part of it singularly

conspicuous by leaving the women very much in the background. He did incidentally mention the mothers once, but the virtues upon which he dwelt were the heroism, and devotion, and devout sternness of those old fathers.

Now, we think the mothers were unjustly slighted; for if the truth were known, no doubt they had the hardest part of the row to hoe. Those old mothers had nothing to blush for, even if their names are not sounded at Delmonico dinners. They were every inch heroines. And we should like to know where these sons of New England would be to-day, in all their vaunted pride of descent from the Mayflower Pilgrims, had it not been for those very foremothers.

Worse than having their names and deeds, their noble lives in the midst of danger and privation, passed over in silence, was the indignity which their memory suffered by the exclusion of their descendants, the daughters of this land from those commemorative feasts. The assumption that women had no part nor lot in the Mayflower venture has been long enough kept up. The arrogance which implies that stern and rock-bound New England was subdued solely by men deserves a severe reproof. The implied declaration that virtue and heroism resided solely in the pilgrim fathers, and by them was reflected upon the pilgrim mothers, ought to be repelled by women themselves. The memories of the pilgrim mothers have long enough lain in obscurity, covered with dust and cobwebs, among the rubbish of aristocratic New England garrets.

If men will insist upon keeping up the churlish fashion of eating and drinking and speechifying alone, without the presence of women, in honor of their forefathers, why should not the daughters of New England set a feast with toasts and speeches in honor of their foremothers? The world needs the example of those saintly and devoted women, quite as much as it needs to hold in reverence the memory of the stern and implacable pilgrim fathers. They gave what broidery of charity and love, grace and beauty, New England life then possessed. They suffered in patience; they wrought unceasingly; they were no less instant in prayer and praise, no less devoted to the Lord's service, than the pilgrim fathers. All that was hallowed and sweet in the dark and forbidding times of persecution and bigotry clusters around them. The iron creed of the Puritan father has passed away, but the heart-piety of the Puritan mother still remains to bless the earth. All that is noblest, purest, best in New England life and morals, has flowed from the hearts of devout women, perhaps more directly than from the lives of well-meaning, though oftentimes mistaken men; and it is not meet that New England's foremothers should go unhonored and unsung.

JOUVEN'S INODOROUS KID GLOVE CLEANER.—By its aid gloves can be quickly and repeatedly cleaned, and made equal to new; even when badly soiled they can be readily restored. It is easy of application, and is perfectly free from any odor. For sale by druggists and fancy goods dealers. Price 25 cents a bottle.

—Mike McCole's wife wears one of his boxing gloves for her blonde chignon, and no newspaper dares to say a word against it.

THE CASE OF MR. MACY.

The arrest of Mrs. Phelps at Macy's fancy store, in Sixth Avenue, in this city, for the alleged theft of a package of candy of trifling value, has caused wide-spread indignation throughout the community. Mrs. Phelps is a lady of wealth, position, and influence; a well-known philanthropist, for some years past she has been largely identified with the woman's rights cause, and is honored by all who know her for sound, practical qualities of character and large humanitarian views.

It is especially humiliating that this shameful indignity should have been put upon Mrs. Phelps by women. The female spies and detectives appointed by the proprietor to watch his store during the rush of customers previous to the holidays, with more zeal than knowledge, pounced upon several innocent ladies (Mrs. Phelps being only one of the number), and delivered them into the hands of policemen, to be carried off to the station-house, where one poor victim, owing to the absence of the magistrate, passed a long, wretched night before deliverance came.

Happily for the dignity of Justice Dowling, Mrs. Phelps was released on her own recognizance; but who can imagine the humiliation these innocent ladies were obliged to endure, or the grief and misery of seeing their names paraded in the daily papers in connection with a crime which they all loathed.

Mr. Macy has striven to clear his skirts of all blame in this disgraceful business in a letter written to a morning paper, but no thoughtful person will hold him guiltless. He may have suffered heretofore from shop-lifters; but he is responsible for the character of the persons he intrusts with such grave business as charging theft upon his customers. If they are so ignorant and besotted as to be totally wanting in discrimination, the respectable ladies of New York, who built up his trade and poured thousands upon thousands into his coffers, will be wary of how, in the future, they subject themselves to the danger of arrest; his subordinates are notoriously careless and rash, and he is directly responsible for their action. No amount of money can compensate the luckless woman, before referred to, who was obliged to pass an entire night in the station-house, among the most revolting associations, while her friends were powerless to secure her release.

The *Commercial Advertiser* says, while commenting on Mr. Macy's troubles:

"We confess that if there is anything that would excuse a man for committing violence, it would be on learning that his wife, his daughter, or his sister had been locked up in a foul prison, to say nothing of the charge of larceny. Some hot-blooded individuals would have been unwise enough to have made an unfriendly call on Mr. Macy, and introduced a pair of winter boots to his cassimeres."

We cannot recommend this particular style of chastisement; but the women of New York have it in their power to take exquisite revenge upon Mr. Macy, by simply staying away from his store, and bestowing their patronage upon a more discriminating shopkeeper who can judge somewhat of the character of a lady from visible signs. Mr. Macy deserves to see emptiness and desolation reigning in his wide halls, if he does not know enough to protect the best class of his customers from gross insult; and as, in such cases, the redress which the laws bestow is quite inadequate, this seems the only means of administering the bitter pill of wisdom.

LOST LOVE.

A recent number of *Hearth and Home* contained an article entitled "Wives who are no Wives," in which a wife who has lost the love of her husband is thus described:

"She racks her memory to find what offence she can have given. She devises lures to win him back. She trusts her goodness, and truth and love, and patience, will at last avail, and he will patiently return more loving than ever. She shows a brave and smiling face to the world, makes no complaint, utters no cry, and goes on dying, quietly bleeding at the heart.

"Who does not know one or more such instances? I do not see what can be done about them. No law made already, or to be made when woman casts her ballot, will reach these cases. No possible avenue of escape can be easy to such a wife. She can go away from her husband, but not from the misery he has caused her. Where, in all the world, is solace for her unrequited affection, derided, despised, trampled under foot?"

There certainly are a great many cases like the above to be met with, and the misery involved in them cannot be estimated. It is impossible to say how far changed affection evinces moral turpitude. We have known good and excellent people who grew apart as friends, lovers, husbands, and wives, from causes too subtle ever to be intelligently explained to outsiders. The laws which govern feelings and emotions are as yet mysteries, and perhaps always will so remain. The worth of people is not, in every case, met by a commensurate amount of love. It is sad that this should be the fact, but it is, nevertheless, true; and we may repeat, and keep repeating, that people ought to love in any given case, and yet the assertion cannot force love any more than a demand for water can make it flow at once from a frozen pipe.

Affection has its times and seasons, its ebb and flow, its attractions and repulsions. Almost every intimacy passes through one or more of these changes and fluctuations; and where there is not good cause for alienation, when love dies down and flickers in the socket, there is no reason to suppose that it may not be fed with new life, and glow again into warmth and brightness. Feelings cannot be forced, but they have their periods. The idea of duty and responsibility cannot safely be eliminated from the emotional life more than from any other. The boundary line between caprice, the evanescent moods of the heart, and a breach that can never be healed, an aversion that is all-powerful and dominating, cannot be laid down dogmatically. All that can be done is to improve men and women, so that they shall enter more discriminately into the gravest relation of life, and be better fitted to preserve mutual respect and reverence.

Loss of love comes more frequently from slight disgusts and slight failures in matters of taste than from large and glaring faults. Only a very small number of human beings have as yet learned to live together in the most intimate and familiar of relations without sometimes striking upon harsh and discordant notes.

Women are said to be more constant in their affections than men. As society is now constituted, perhaps the greater share of woman's misery comes from misdirected, unrequited, or lost affection. The point we wish to make, in answer to the article in *Hearth and Home*, is, that even a wife, much to be pitied on account of spurned love, has no right to sink down in abjectness and despair because of even a husband's coldness. Love

is often lost because women cling too desperately, and make themselves burdens by their exactions. It is necessary for them to learn that the woman must underlie the wife; that self-reverence is the best foundation for any relation whatever. Gail Hamilton has recently been preaching independence to wives through the columns of the *Independent*. We heartily indorse her views. Wives cannot maintain a healthy influence if they are merely parasites; they need roots of their own, and a life of their own, so that love shall be worn as a crown instead of carried as a pack.

WOMEN IN POST OFFICES.

Some experiments in regard to women have been working themselves out within the last two or three years to successful issues. Among them may be mentioned the employment of women as post mistresses. Miss Van Lew, of Richmond, was removed, it is stated, because she did her work too well to suit the male politicians, who wished to use the office for a certain species of wire-pulling. As this charge is an honor to Miss Van Lew, her case furnishes ample evidence of the fact that women are entirely competent to fill such positions, and that they ought to supplant men at least in all towns and villages where the business is light and easy.

We would recommend the progressive citizens of all small towns, where official changes are made with the change of administration, to recommend a woman for the postoffice. Every such community can furnish one or more necessitous widows or maiden ladies—women obliged to depend on their own exertions for support—who would fill the place with credit, and set free a man to engage in more arduous occupations, from which they themselves are precluded. The waste and uncultured places of the earth, the unbroken glebe, the treasure buried in the mine, all are calling for men—for those very men who perhaps would prefer to remain ingloriously in country postoffices, while a crowd of needy women are waiting to take their places.

A woman, combining a practical knowledge of telegraphy with general qualifications for the position of post mistress, has two lucrative strings to her bow, which will always, while health and vigor last, keep her from want. In the latter profession, women have achieved a marked success. Their quickness of apprehension and aptitude for learning appear to be greater than with men. The field is now open; free and equal competition is offered to women in this direction. There are schools where the needful knowledge can be obtained—among them, the Cooper Institute school in this city being prominent—and energy, perseverance and determination—prejudice once overcome—are all that are needed to give women equal, if not superior, advantages over men in the race for those official positions for which they are unmistakably adapted.

THE MOTHER'S TREASURE.—*Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup* is the prescription of one of the best physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years, with never-failing safety and success, by millions of mothers for their children. It cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, corrects acidity, and gives rest and health to the child.

—A band of female burglars, is said to be operating in Chicago.

The Revolution.

CALL FOR A NATIONAL SUFFRAGE CONVENTION AT WASHINGTON.

We, the undersigned, desiring to secure a full discussion of the question of the enfranchisement of women during the present session of Congress, with a view to the speedy passage of a sixteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution, invite all men and women desiring this change in the Constitution to meet us in convention for that purpose in the city of Washington on the 11th and 12th of January next. Eminent speakers will be present from all parts of the country, including several members of Congress, and plans of work will be presented and discussed.

We earnestly urge you, dear friends, to come together at this time in a spirit of unselfishness and of hard work, and let us take one another by the hand and move onward as never before.

PAULINA W. DAVIS,
JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING,
ISABELLA B. HOOKER.

N. B.—All letters concerning this convention may be addressed to

Miss ISABELLA B. HOOKER,
Hartford, Conn.
(Friendly editors, please copy.)

THE BROOKLYN FERRY BOATS.

Last week we acted on the suggestion of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and addressed a personal appeal to the officers and directors of the Union Ferry Company, urging upon them the necessity of securing primarily the ladies cabin to the use of ladies, or of opening both sides of the boat to women as well as men, by precluding smoking, and rendering, in all respects, the men's cabin decent and cleanly.

It may perhaps be said that women can now, if they choose, enter and occupy the gentlemen's cabin. This they of course can do. There is no law against it; but if a lady by accident, strays over to the men's side, she is pretty sure to be informed by somebody that she has got into the wrong place, which renders her further stay excessively disagreeable.

As we have before said, we do not demand that an exclusive place shall be set apart for our use, provided we can have the same opportunity for securing seats on the boats that we now have in horse-cars and omnibuses. It is entirely optional with a man whether he shall get up and give a woman a seat in the above mentioned vehicles. "First come first served" is the rule by which they are governed, and women could reasonably find no fault if all the sitting-room on the boats should be thrown open to their use, equally with men, and the same rule adopted.

The men's cabin is now a smoking-room, but there is really much less excuse for smoking in the cabin of a boat than in a horse-car or omnibus; for open air privileges are afforded on the boats where men can stand and enjoy the weed, and allow the fumes to float away without interfering with the comfort and pleasure of others.

We hope, now that the cause of complaint has been distinctly brought before the powers that be, we shall see some measures taken to secure woman's rights of travel upon the Brooklyn boats soon after the opening of this new year of 1871.

—Mrs. Stanton has been visiting Mrs. Gov. Fenton, at her home in Jamestown. She describes the place as a miniature Eden.

FEMALE PRISON INSPECTORS.

During the time of the incarceration of Hester Vaughn in Moyamensing Prison, Dr. Susan A. Smith, of West Philadelphia (whom some of our readers will remember as having been greatly interested in the case of that unfortunate girl), became certain that the female prisoners of that institution had great need of womanly counsel and sympathy. She therefore framed and presented a petition to the City Councils, asking that women be added to the Board of Inspectors. Councils did not act on the petition, having, as they said, no jurisdiction in the matter. Dr. Smith was somewhat surprised that they should have jurisdiction over condemned dogs, and none over condemned women. Not to be discouraged, however, she got up a petition to the Legislature, which was signed by many of the most respectable of our citizens.

The petition was defeated by agents sent up to Harrisburg last winter by the prison inspectors, with instructions to the members to vote against it. The argument used to defeat it was that the appointment of female inspectors would be contrary to long-established usage, and that "it would never do to let women hear the conversations at the Board respecting women prisoners.—*Sunday Dispatch*.

Book Table.

SUBURBAN SKETCHES. By W. D. Howells. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton.

This tempting little volume, with its beveled edges and excellent paper and print, comes to us bringing some old favorites in disguise. Of the nine pleasant sketches which the book contains several have appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and for that very reason will be read and re-read with increased relish. Mr. Howell's style is almost the perfection of graceful ease. The absence of all pretentiousness and effort at fine writing make him a model worthy of imitation. He does not preach, proses, or moralize much; but he meanders along in his own graceful fashion, using always pure, limpid English, which renders the dullest page of his books charming to peruse.

Before finishing "Suburban Sketches" one gets pretty well acquainted with Charlesbridge, and thoroughly interested in the family life that is lived there. "Mrs. Johnson" is not likely soon to drop out of our list of acquaintances. We shall always be ready to take a "horse-car to Boston" with this genial companion, who has so wisely cultivated his perceptive faculties. We shall never be backward in renewing our intercourse with Mr. Howell's vagabondizing "Door-step Acquaintance," or refuse to take a "day's pleasure" with Frank and Cousin Lucy. Mr. Howells has a peculiarly happy knack of seeing and describing the picturesque side of common-place things. Like a skilled French cook, he serves up to us a delicious literary dish, concocted of odds and ends which other people would throw away. This is a volume we can heartily recommend to lovers of the best and most agreeable books.

DREAM MUSIC.

This is the title of a pretty volume of poems by Frederic R. Marvin, published by Carleton. The melodious sweetness of some of the pieces is only equalled by the purity, richness and

elevation of the sentiment, which, though sometimes touched with sadness, is generally pervaded with a spirit of chastened trust. The following lines illustrate the quality of the collection:

"To one who, in the strength of womanhood,
Forsook the soulless under-life of time,
To link her being with the life divine;
And being noble is less understood:

To one who felt the pulse of freedom beat,
Who knew the love-life of departed years—
Sweet forms of life girt round with bitter tears—
Struck dead, and slain where under-currents meet:

Who spurned the dull convention of the age,
Nor pinned her faith upon some idle dream;
But knowing all things are not as they seem,
Played well her part upon life's crowded stage:

To one, girt round with thought, my spirit's friend,
With more of faith than I, and less of sin,
And all the strength whereby the angels win,
These rugged lines of shining truth I send."

CLYTIE AND ZENOIA; OR, THE LILY AND THE PALM.
A poem by Mary Bayard Clarke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1871.

This little poem—a versified romance of Palmyra—is full of smooth, flowing lines and pleasant bits of description, without any salient points upon which criticism can expend marked praise or blame. It probably will not immortalize its author, but it may impart a very sensible degree of pleasure to some minds, which is about all that any but the highest degree of poetic genius can hope for. The following extract will give an inkling of the writer's philosophy concerning women:

"And there are women who, like men,
Need something more than love, and when
It is not of their life the whole,
And does not fill head, heart, and soul,
Leaving no wish to be denied,
No longing want ungratified;
Laurels and bays they too should twine,
Not idly sit and hopeless pine."

A French lady on her arrival in this country, was careful to eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with, and being on one occasion pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied: "No I thank you; I eat only my acquaintances." She thought she had expressed herself in admirable English.

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The Revolution.

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AN INTERESTING LETTER is published in the *Medical Surgical Review* on the subject of the EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA in certain affections, by Benjamin Travers, F. R. S., &c. Speaking of those diseases, and diseases arising from the excess of mercury, he states that no remedy is equal to the Extract of Sarsaparilla; its power is extraordinary, more so than any other drug I am acquainted with. It is, in the strictest sense, a tonic with this invaluable attribute, that it is applicable to a state of the system so sunken, and yet so irritable, as renders other substances of the tonic class unavailable or injurious.

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The Revolution.

PROSPECTUS.

The Revolution is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name be thought too ungentle to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A woman is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

Called into existence to utter the cry of the ill-paid, of the unfriended, and of the disfranchised, this journal is woman's voice speaking from woman's heart.

Shall it not be heard? Is it not entitled to the sympathy and support of the women of America? Ought it not be received as a welcome guest into their homes and hearts?

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The Revolution.

A WOMAN'S GROWL AT SEWING MACHINES.

Do not imagine for a moment that the writer of this tirade is either an agent, or in the interest of an agent, for the sale of these health, and strength, and nerve-destroying instruments. No, indeed; I hate, despise, abominate, detest, abhor the very sight and sound of a sewing-machine, and when you come to using one of them language fails me. Any other tread-mill would be as easy to operate, and as conducive to health. They are a nuisance, one and all, and I do not see any choice in them. One kind is as bad as all the rest. I believe that the constant and continued use of any sewing-machine would kill nine women out of ten, and break the constitution of the remaining one. It is such a constant, wearing strain upon the nerves and muscles. If there is anything under heaven that will make a woman cross, and put her out of spirits and temper, it is to run a sewing-machine. Not long ago I heard a lady say, "After I have worked at my machine a few hours I am completely worn out, and in just that state of prostration, physically and mentally, that I must cry, consequently every garment that I finish receives a baptism of tears." And yet she went on stitching, ruffling, and embroidering, until the articles comprising her own and her children's wardrobe were miracles in the way of fine and beautiful needle-work."

THE HAREM OF THE KING OF SIAM.

Most of the women who composed his harem were of gentle blood, the fairest of the daughters of Siamese nobles and of princes of the adjacent tributary States; the late queen consort was his own half sister. Besides many choice Chinese and Indian girls, purchased annually for the royal harem of agents stationed at Pekin, Foochow and different points in Bengal, enormous sums were offered, year after year, through "solicitors" at Banghook and Singapore, for an English woman of beauty and good parentage, to crown his collection; but when I took my leave of Banghook, in 1868, the coveted specimen had not yet appeared in the market. The cunning commissioners contrived to keep their places and make a living by sending his Majesty, now and then, a piquant photograph of some British Nourmahal of the period, freshly caught and duly shipped in order for the harem; but the goods never arrived. Had the King's taste been Gallic, his requisition might have been filled. I remember a score of genuine offers from French demoiselles, who inclosed their cartes in billets more surprising and enterprising than any other proposals it was my office to translate; but his whimsical Majesty entertained a lively horror of French intrigue.

NATIONAL LIFE BOAT.—A weekly paper published at Chicago, devoted to reform in politics, business, and religion. The organ of no sect or party, but speaks for God, humanity, justice, and truth, fearlessly and plainly. A friend to all that is pure and good, in or out of the church. Contains original stories of a high and chaste order of excellence; and also articles from some of the best friends of God and man in this and other countries. Gives the news of the week in a condensed and attractive form. One dollar and a half a year; six months 75 cents; three months 40 cents. Address the editor, E. C. Eggleston, 137 Madison Street, Chicago.



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The REVOLUTION.

MRS. PITT STEVEN'S VIEWS ON THE TWO SOCIETIES.

Suffrage societies should not, and cannot, be rightfully held responsible for the individual opinions or acts of their members, be they in high or low position. Neither should they be chargeable with the opinions of the newspapers which advocate woman suffrage. Individuals or editors forfeit no individual rights by espousing the cause of woman's political and industrial emancipation. Any bonds or restrictions imposed on either by any suffrage organization, would be the exercise of an unwarranted assumption of power and a tyranny that should be met upon the threshold with indignation and scorn.

No society is responsible for what Mrs. Stanton or Lucy Stone may advocate. The Pioneer and REVOLUTION can publish such views as their editors may elect, and no organization can be reasonably charged with them till it shall approve and adopt them.

This attempt, therefore, to divide and distract a great national movement because of the opinions of individuals or newspapers, is unfair, selfish, and bigoted, and merits, and should receive, the disapproval of generous and enlarged minds. This society will labor for another year in its work of discord, but it will find it an up-hill affair. Many working States united with it a year since in the expectation that there would be union. Its real spirit and purpose are now manifest. It has lost its prestige, and has sacrificed what hold on the public confidence it may have at first possessed.—*The Pioneer.*

A WORD FOR MOTHERS-IN-LAW.—A writer in the Boston Transcript makes a vigorous defence of "Mothers-in-Law," who, it is insisted, deserve something better than the sneers to which they are usually exposed. "The truth is," says the writer, "that if a woman is ugly and mean by nature, it don't make a bit of difference whether she is a beauty of twenty, or an old maid of forty, or a mother-in-law of half a dozen men; she will be mean and ugly still. And if a woman is kind and hopeful and tender, she will be so as a belle, or an old maid, or a mother-in-law. Every time such a sneer is uttered it wounds the feelings of great numbers of worthy women, who feel that they share the approach of bad qualities of which they are incapable. It is an unworthy thing for a man to harbor such prejudices, and an unjust thing for him to utter or propagate."

A FOOL'S PARADISE.—"God created woman to have her rights, and she is going to have her rights, and man is not going to choose her path either. A man will leave his plough and harrow, the poor weary editor will lay down his pen, the seamstress her awl and hammer, the merchant his yard-stick, and the soldier his sword. Oh, brothers, how nice it will be to sit all the morning and sip your tea. You will have no bargains, no money, no accounts to make, for they all go to your 'strong-minded wife.'"

—Mrs. Conway, it would seem, is tired of playing second fiddle, for she signs herself now Sarah G. Conway, and not Mrs. F. B. C.

—The year 1871 will be the 2183d year of the Grecian Era, and the last year of the Grecian bend.



A COUGH, A COLD, OR A SORE THROAT requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Disease, or Consumption is often the result.

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UNSOLOITED TESTIMONY.

MR. JOHN F. HENRY: SINNEMEHONING, PA., Jan. 28, 1870.

Dear Sir: I wish you to send me two dozen boxes of your Carbolic Salve. I have an obstinate sore on my foot, which has been a running sore for over ten years. I was sent one box of your Salve, and I found it to do better on my foot than any other. R. B. BLERUM.

MR. JOHN F. HENRY: BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 29, 1870. The Carbolic Salve has not only healed the eruptions on my face, but has soothed and allayed inflammation. AMANDA NELSON, 317 Sackett Street.

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Dr BING'S VIA FUGA is the pure juices of Barks, Herbs, Roots, and Berries, for

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SARAH E. SOMERBY, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, FIRST BILL. 629 1/2 749 SIXTH AVENUE.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.—A Review of the Injustice of our Existing Marriage Legislation, by C. L. JAMES. For sale by the Author, Louisiana, Ma.

48

The Revolution.

Wit and Humor.

—Grammatical: Is Arabella the plural of Isabella?

—Why are husband and wife not one, but ten? Because the wife is number one, and the husband goes for nothing.

—A school girl's conundrum is: What State is round on both ends and high in the middle? Ohio. "How is that for high," anyway?

—Mrs. Polly Deer, who makes Montgomery county, Ind., delightful by residing there, has an unmarried daughter weighing a quarter of a ton. Who wants the little Deer?

—An old lady being asked what she thought of the doctrine of "total depravity," very gravely replied, that she "thought it a werry good doctrine, if people would only live up to it."

—An Illinois lady waved a red flag, stopped the train, and asked the conductor for a chew of tobacco for her old man. The conductor Horace-Greeleyed all the way to the next station.

—A Little Failing—Nervous old lady: "Now, cabman, you're sure your horse is quiet? What's he laying back his ears like that for? Look!" Cabby: "Oh! that's only her semi-nine cur'osity, mum; she likes to hear where she's a-goin' to."—*Punch*.

—A sweet little girl said to her mother: "If I were to die and go to Heaven, should I wear my new silk dress?" "Oh no, my child; we can't expect angels to wear silk dresses in Heaven." "Well, ma, how will the angels know I belong to the best society?"

—A married lady, who has many admirers, was in company recently, where the marriage tie was the subject of conversation, and a pleasant sparring arose between her husband, also present, and herself. "Ah!" she exclaimed at length, "you do not think so highly of the hymenial knot as I do." "Yes, I do," he replied, "and it is only when you wish to make it a double beau knot that I object to it."

—An editor and his wife were walking out in bright moonlight one evening. Like all editors' wives, she was of an exceedingly poetic nature, and said to her mate: "Notice that moon!" "Couldn't think of noticing it," returned the editor, "for anything less than the usual rates—a dollar and fifty cents for twelve lines."

LIFE.

Life, young man, is only
A slippery piece of ice;
No girl there, it's lonely;
One girl there, it's nice.

—Owing to the war in France, which has deprived this country of the usual Paris fashions, it has been feared that no clothes would be worn by the fashionable world this winter; but fortunately Mr. Punchinello is enabled to announce that such will not be the case. Garments of various kinds will be in vogue, and the following descriptions of some of them may prove interesting to the *beau monde*:

Gentlemen will wear business coats with sleeves. They will open and button in front. Coats buttoning behind now meet with no favor from the strictly fashionable classes. Coats for evening and dress occasions, however, will open behind as well as in front, but they will not open all the way up the back unless in case of accident.

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OVERCOATS, \$15.	SUITS, \$20.
OVERCOATS, \$20.	SUITS, \$25.
OVERCOATS, \$25.	SUITS, \$30.
OVERCOATS, \$30.	SUITS, \$35.
OVERCOATS, \$35.	SUITS, \$40.
OVERCOATS, \$40.	SUITS, \$45.
OVERCOATS, \$45.	SUITS, \$50.
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For Inflammation and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad taste in the Mouth, Elliptic Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

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Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

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